Opening of the Dramatic Season-Oot Ahead of Stetson-Madison-Square Gardens-Brokers Bowed Down.

(Correspondence of the Richmond Dispatch, NEW YORK, August 27, 1887. "Slumming" is the visiting of the slums of a great city by the blase or the curiosity-seeker. The aristocratic practice is said to have been started in Paris by Louis Napoleon and to have been made popular by the Prince of Wales in London. No matter what the origin. in London. No matter what the origin, the pleasure has been naturalized, and is regularly enjoyed by the wealthy men and frequently by the wealthy women of the metropolis.

A guide is secured, who usually is a

detective or ex-police officer. His fee is from \$25 upward and the expense of the voyage, which will run from \$20 into the hundreds. A pleasanter and more economical way is to secure some friend who has slummed before and who knows where to go and what to do. The party dress in plain clothes, leaving behind them all jewelry. The men should be provided with stout canes and the women with travelling dusters and light rubber shoes. No party can explore all the slums of New York in one visit. There are too many, their number being among hundreds, and the time required to see them being at the slightest estimate 216 hours or nine consecutive days and nights.

IN CHINATOWN. A typical trip would begin at 4 o'clock in the afternoon at Chatham Square with a short trip through Chinatown. The joss-house, grocery, dry-goods store, restaurant, policy shop, barber, fan-tan (the Mongolian faro) establishment, Masonic hall, and boarding-house should all be visited. At the restaurant a light lunch is in order. From Chinatown it is but a stone's throw to Little Italy or Mulberry Bend. Of interest here are the sour-beer dives, the stale-bread and food ped-alers, the padrone system, the low alers, the padrone system, the low Neapolitan restaurants, and Murderers' alley, and Mary Blake's.

A block away is Baxter Bend, in which there is a Malay colony, a very decent and very interesting dance-house frequented by negroes, Hindoos, and Orientals, Italian dancing cellars, a Pelak bar-room, an outside walking es-tablishment, and any number of horrile and decaying tenements. From here the visitor passes through

the famous Five Points, crosses Park Flow, and enters the river front district. Here he finds the sailors' boarding cuses, the bucket-shops, and the half-ime cellars. These last are where a hight's lodgings cost five cents.

POVERTY AND THE BOWERY. A call at the Oak-Street station-house

nd a look at the inmates is the nex From here the sightseer proto Pell, Bayard, and Chrystic city and low vice there prevalent, ssed at the Oriental Theatre and the menian Opera-House, and a better sledge of the polyglot nature of

I we minutes to see sparring at some cut on the Bowery, ten minutes to dives of Hester street, fifteen to a sly-street opium joint, ten to Harry more to a queer establishment in vicinity, ten to the Russians of both street, and then off to the estside. Here, around Second street, cond and First avenues, are the headsarters of the Socialists, Anarchists, d Communists. Further south is cosetown, or the New Jerusalem, a where Hebrew is the vehicle of ally speech; and further east is the awful tenement quarter, where the tenement house eigar-makers live and is thieves, murderers, and abandoned women.

"HELL'S KITCHEN." Pack again to the west side. At the lattery are the cheap boarding-houses of more than forty nationalities. On LONG BRANCH BREEZE. Greenwich street are the headquarters of the Turks and Armenians; on Thompson and its environs is the hempson and its environs is Ethiopian colony, and further north are Battle Row and Hell's Kitchen. Nor should the centre of Manhattan

Island be overlooked. The sporting-

houses of Sixth avenue, the gamblingdens of the side streets, the French Madame's, and the numerous other places and palaces dedicated to sin and in are all interesting evidences of the rowth of American civilization, if not of its morality, Christianity, or decency.

Long before this route has been fluished the traveller has seen the sun rise and set several times. At its end let him go to his home, whether he has been away one half of a night or more, get a complete change of wear and underwear, and adjourn to the nearest Turkish bath. From here let what he has worn be sent to the nearest clean-ing and scouring establishment. It would be well if there were some such place for the soul as well as for garments, for if ever a man needs compiete spiritual renovation it is just after such a slumming as has been briefly

ketched in these lines. OF ENING OF THE DRAMATIC SEASON. The theatrical season has started at last. New York is so full of actors that Proadway looks like an extension of the Rialto on Union Square. I sat at inneheon in the Gilsey House yester-day and watched the actors as they paraded about in tens, hundreds, and quadrons. There seemed to be no end of them. A few wore the conventional attire of respectable young bus ness-men, but the majority of them ran to notable and uncouth extremes in the matter of hair, check clothes, and manners—particularly manners. The snavity and polish of the actors on the street would have put a court of diplomatists to the blush. Occasionally one of the eminent men in the profession would drift along, followed by the cager eyes of the lesser lights. Tom Keene lounged amisbly by with his hands in the pockets of his sack coat. He was the picture of ruddy and abounding health, his eye was bright and there was not the faint. was bright, and there was not the faint-est trace of the tragedian about him. On every side were stage notables.

THE FIFTH-AVENUE THEATRE. Most of them were discussing the mystery which is just now so dense around the Fifth-Avenue Theatre. The house has for several years been under the management of John Stetson, a unique and shrewd business-man and a stordy gambler in amusement enter-prises. This year he learned suddenly that the theatre had been let over his head and secretly to some one else. He paid a rental of more than \$30,000 a year, and it was not supposed that a larger sum could be obtained. But the fact remained, and everybody fell to wondering who the mysterious new-comer was. Gossip settled upon Auwondering who the myscomer was. Gossip settled apon Augustin Daly for a time, as he generally transacts his business in this deep and sullen fashion. It was pointed out that his present theatre was very old and hardly large enough for his great successes, and that he had been partial to the Fitth-Avenue Theatre ever since he first hit the public's fancy there with "Pique" many years ago. But the Daly story was given away before one that seems vastly more probable.

NOT DALY AFTER ALL. Herry Miner is looked upon as the man. He had a row with Statson a short time ago over the time Mrs. Potter wanted at the Fifth Avenue, and the row was never patched up. It is quite within the range of possibilities, therefore, that Miner got the lease away from Stetson and will manage the

He is not sleepy, no matter what may be said of him. Indications are signifibe said of him. Indications are significant, though. Mr. Miner is going the way of all speculators in theatricals. First it was Haverly, then the Frohman Brothers, Abbey, and Brooks, and Dixon. They all tried to run a half dezen or more theatres and companies, and in the end they all came to grief. Miner is launching out in every possible direction.

ble direction.

The season began with a magnificeat spectacle at Niblo's Garden. Maurice Barrymore plays "Lagadere" with great force and energy. With the great setting that the piece has it is surely in for a long run. Newton Beers began the season at the Grand Opera-Rouse in "Alone in London." The piece is mounted superbly, and the agenic mounted superbly, and the senic effects startling, even in these days of creat stage carpenters and machinists. The success of the piece is particularly notable, because there was no prelimi nary tooting of horns. The prospect f an interesting winter, dra peaking, increase. It looked almost copeless a few weeks ago, but now, as the ball is rolling, new prospects are constantly appearing.

AN OLD GARDEN.

The dingy yellow walls of Madison-Square Garden have retained the solid, unalluring aspect of a depot from the beginning, but since the Harlem railroad vacated the place the interior has been used for such a variety of pur-poses that the veteran quarters must be izzy trying to maintain their identity. Earnum's majestic pomp has filled the huge centre with tan-bark and the mazy evolutions of horses and riders. Jumbo used to tread with regal dignity beneath the dingy rafters. Then the large societies, notably the German ones, such as the Arion and the like, held balls there. Then horse shows, dog shows, poultry shows, cow shows and man shows of every kind. All the animals have had their turn. A spasmodic effort was made of late to revive that operatic chestnut, "Pinawith a real boat and real, wet water. Rumors are always starting upabout the old place to the effect that some stock company has bought it and that a superb opera-house or magnifi-cent theatre will be erected and all the ingy features of the lumbering garden be effaced. So one may look for anyreceive with like equanimity the news that Patti was to shower seven-dollar notes around the rafters or the Boston darling, John L., was to reduce any opponent to pulp at fisticuffs. The su erlative hitter of our day has made everal great hits there, so that the ribs of the spectators were squeezed till they ached. His last appearance was on the day Miss Carrie Astor was married to Orme Wilson. The gilded outh who witnessed the tying of the knot at the Astor residence, on Fifth avenue and Thirty-fourth street, hastend down in their dress coats to the Gar den to see Sullivan thump some one. IT'S LATEST USE.

The last use to which it has been put. if not new to the Garden, is one of the neest appropriate. It was opened Monday evening as a concert-garden. Several modifications have been made is a broad wooden floor, where erst the ten-bark lay. In the middle of this floor is the band-stand, where Gustav Hirnichs wields the baton over sixty musicians. Potted plants surround it and a slate-colored sounding-board of very slight concavity hangs above. Small tables and unpainted wooden chairs fill this broad space. A promenade for those who care to walk surrounds it. Then there is a tier of boxes, and the seats as usual. Those who sit in these seats may not have beer or refreshments served to them there. If they hunger or thirst they must come down a bit from their exclusive height and mingle with the bibulous and hungry throng on the floor. The crowd chiefly biblous, though cups and cold dishes are served. The wil from Clysmic water to brandy and champagne, extra sec, at \$3.50 a bot-tle. The purchaser of this must be extra sec himself. Most of the gay

When one entered the familiar grimy interior last night he saw circles and great bands of colored gaslights mingling with the glare of the electric carbons, scenic hangings on the lofty walls, and the floor covered with green shrubs and trees. The strong perfume of past menageries yet lingered in the place. As the visitor started on the round a gust of wind struck him and he clapped his hand on his hat. Glancing in the direction of the blast he saw a square aperture in the wall, over which was blazoned in big red letters: "Long Branch Breeze." An American flag planted in the peth of the gale stood out as stifly as if it were sheet-iron. This is one of the four vents through which iced air is forced nto the building at the rate of two hundred thousand feet a minute. On a hot, sultry night it undoubtedly would be a delicious tempering of the close Bir. Unfortunately, on the night of opening the weather was cool enough to wear a top-coat, and the "breeze was so great a success as to send several people home with a cold. The other air-vents were labelled "Atlantic City Breeze," "Newport Breeze," and "Saratoga Breeze," This was a rather slow, heavy bit of humor. Why a "Saratoga Breeze" is hard to tell. That queen of the spas is not allied to Æoius. Somebody tried to solve it by serving the breeze was worked by saying the breeze was worked by springs, but this was saddening, too.

The programme was a popular oae.
Wagner elbowed Strauss, Rossini flat-

tered away from Brahms, and Verdi and Weber tried to be friendly. Brahms's "Hungarian Dances" was applauded so heartily that it was repeated. This was the only number that was given a second time. But Wagner's "Ride of the Walkures" brought down the house. That stormy, tempestuous, weird cross-universe run of the drastic maidens was demanded again by the most insistent applause. But Hinrichs only bowed

Neudori's concerts last year at the building in Forty-ninth street near the park were a great success, and there is no doubt these will take equally well. Neudorf is in Boston this year. Hin-rich has been associated for a long time with Theodore Thomas's orchestra and is a good musician.

STOCK-BROKERS BOWED DOWN. "I tell yer it's a holy terror down here," remarked the driver of a hansom waiting for customers the other day opposite the Stock Exchange. "These brokers can't be making much money." And he crossed his legs on his high perch, leaned over on his knee, and moustache, wolldy wolled at a red moustache. ruefully pulled at a red moustache. He had a beard of a week's growth, and one eye was bloodshot, partly, doubt-less, from exposure to the blazing sun. He had a very presentable horse and

He had a very presentable horse and conveyance.

"Look at them carriages," he continued, dolefully. "Just look at 'em. Only a handful on one block. Used to be nearly two blocks of 'em, and brokers just jumped for 'em. Now my expenses for this rig are about \$3.50 a day, countin' board for the horse, repairs, my time, and so on. What d'ye think I made the other day? Fifty cents. That happened two days, hand runnin'.

"I used to make in good times \$5 or \$7 a day. Now if yer make \$2 or \$3 a day yer doin' well. Where do the cabmen go in these dull times? Oh, they go off to Union Square, Madison Square, Thirty-fourth street, and other ferries, and the steamboat dooks. That man with a coach over there comes down here when there ain't no funerals going on. It's funeral enough for him down here, only he don't make nothin'

out of it, yer see. What we wants is a bull market. That's what they say. I'm in favor of it to onet." He heaved a sigh and relapsed into gloomy silence.

He is not the only Wall-street man bowed down with disgust.

RUSINESS IS DULL. Commissions are few. Expenses are heavy. New suits are scarce. Brokers who once had half a dozen new suits

who once had bulf a dozen new suits every summer now wear the half-dozen changes of last year, which betray the ravages of time. They don't hire cabs, hansons, or coaches. They walk or they take the Broadway cars or the elevated read. They used to clamor for cabs, and cabmen were magnates who laid down their own law as to prices. Now all is changed. Cabby sits on high, like a grim Moloch waiting for victims, but they come not. victims, but they come not.

Few brokers are out of town. They are scatce at Newport, Saratoga, and

Ear Harbor. There are not so many as usual at Long Branch. Many of those who have left town have not gone to the S5-a-day hotels. They say it is healthier at the small hotels or boarding-houses in out-of-the-way places at \$150 a day. Up in the Adirondack-hunting regions a broker, in good times, would pay high board and hire a guide at \$5 a day. Now he and other brokers go to a cheap boarding-house and helf a dozen mill dubt together and and half a dozen will club together and pay a guide \$3 a day—that is, a tax of 50 cents each instead of \$5—a saving of 1,000 per cent.

Plenty of Wall-street brokers are now at obscure and unheard-of villages, far from the madding crowd, living on novel fare for 37 a week. They say it is healthier than Newportor Saratoga-late dinners and languid breakfasts They are right. But a dull market, not the doctors, opened their eyes. Hundreds of brokers have remained

in the city. There are few big dinners With the mass it is no longer cham pagne; it is beer. Beer and sandwiches, the latter, too, often furnished gratuitously by the establishment which provides the beer for a money consideration.

BEER AND A PERE LUNCIL. The iron bas entered the soul of many

a once haughty broker. You may laugh, but it is no joke—to him. A Wall-street philanthropist, filled with a benevolent desire to emancipate the relics of better days from the degrading thraldom of beer, said the other day: "The Loys ought to take a hint from a little exploit of Uncle Russell Sage. He went into a free-lunch place on onoccasion and began munching a sand-wich. Presently an acquaintance en-tered and called for a glass of whiskey.

"Let me have the fifteen cents, will you?" raid the economical Russell. His friend banded it to him. Sage added ten cents to the fifteen and then turned to the barkceper and ordered two drinks of whiskey. "Two for a quarter, you know," said Sage, in ex-plenation to his astonished friend. "You don't pay any more than you would in any case, and I save five cents If the brokers will pool their issues and unite on this basis, whiskey may yet be within the reach of many who
there will be reach of many who
there will

in town. They do. It is one of the selemn facts of the season. Some of them take fifty-cent trips to Coney sland. For instance, let us say the broker takes the 6:30 P. M. boat for he fron lier. He arrives there at 7:50 York by 9:50. He has three hours of cool pleasure for fifty cents. A large number of brokers take these trips once every evening, some once a week. "Well," said a broker, in referring to this fact, "it does them more good to go down there is a quiet, economical way than to go off to summer ra-serts and spend their money for whis-

Fut the dulness of the stock specu lation has its serious side. Brokers don't laugh about it. Some houses eave given up private wires, discharged tenographers and telegraph operators, nd closed branch offices. One firm old their clerks that they could take the usual two-weeks' vacation with pay and stay two months if they liked without pay, agreeing at the same time to mploy them on their return.

But there is an old saying : "When things get to their worst then they im-prove," and having doubtless reached the worst we may not unreasonably exmore cheerful times this fall.

THE GREAT TACHT RACE. John Eurr. Master of the Scattish Cutter Thistle.

In what will prove to be, in all pro bability, a close race between the This-tle and the Volunteer, the experience of Captain John Barr, who is to be the skipper of the Scottish vacht in the great struggle, is an important consid



eration. His record as a winning yachts man is unequalled. He has commanded in twenty-nine races and won twentyeven prizes. His greatest triumphs were with the twenty-ton cutter Clara. He started her in fifteen races and took fifteen prizes, generally crossing the line first. On this side the Atlantic he were alarge prizes in alarge. tic he won eleven prizes in eleven races with the Clara, a yacht that had scarcely been known before, and his knowledge of our waters, tides, and winds will doubtless be of inestimable benefit to the Thistle. John Barr is, after the manner of many of Scotland's best sons in all walks of life, somewhat sparing of speech, but his silence on the subject is eloquent of his confidence in the beautiful yacht of which he is the skipper. His officers and crew are all picked men, and mean to win the America's cup if the Volun-

teer gives them the possibility of getteer gives them the possibility of getting it.

Captain Berr is every inch a son of
the North, "full of the daring that's
bred of the sea"; and he does every
credit to his native land, for a better
specimen of sailor never trod the deck.
He is a finely-developed man, a little
over forty years of age, and he has
pleasant features, nicely bronzed by
exposure to the weather, and fitly
framed in dark hair, cut short,
and a beard and moustache of
considerable length. His eyes are
large, and, although mild, seen endowed with an extraordinary power of
perception, while his voice, although
soft, has great compass. Desoits the perception, while his voice, although soft, has great compass. Despite the mild expression of his eyes and the soft tone of his voice, along with a quietness of manner which appears the natural accompanine at of these, he certainly strikes one as baving a powerful individuality. Tachly-five years of his yet short life have been spent on shipboard.

MUCHLY MIXED.

A GEORGIA MAN WHO MARRIED HIS WIRCE, AND WHAT BEPELL HIE.

His Arrest Brings Out No End of Relstionship Complications-Greatly

The Atlanta (Ga.) correspon the Globe-Democrat writes, of August 18th: "You see, I married my own niece, my sister's child, and that is why I have been arrested," said Rufus 8. Malone, in response to a question. "But that ain't nothing to arrest a man

for, is it?"

"Not much, only it's against the law," answered a reporter.

"Agin the law. Why, I had an uncle who did the same thing twenty years ago. Yes, he married his own niece. If it's against the law now, why piece. If it's against the law now, whi wasn't it then, I'd like to know? And the prisoner threw himself back in his chair, and closing his eyes was

in his chair, and closing his eyes was soon lost in deep study.

Malone was born and raised in Merriwether county, where he has an extensive relationship. He is a young man of fine appearance and dresses neatly. Some time ago he left his bome in Merriwether, and went to Leeken. Butts county. During his nobone in Merriwether, and went to Jackson, Butts county. During his so-journ in Jackson he made frequent visits to his old home, where he te-mained a few days. One of Malone's sisters married a man named H. J. Clark, and it was at his sister's house that Malone always stopped. Mr. and Mrs. Clark were the parents of a hand-some daughter, who was, of cours, Malone's niece, and to this lady Malor was very attentive when visiting the family. Nothing, however, was thought of his attentions, and the blacksmith

was always a welcome visitor.

In April last Miss Clark came to anta. On the 14th of the month Mr. lone came to the city, too, and on that afternoon he and she went to Marietta, where they were married. The mai-risge ceremony was performed by the Eev. Mr. Lowry, at his residence, and by the license the minister thought he was marrying a Mr. Gordon to Miss Clark. After the ceremony Malone, with his niece as his bride, came back to A; lanta, and they separated at the Union depot, the lady going back to her friends and Malone to a hotel. On the next day, however, they both left for the home of the lady's parents. Neither Malone nor his bride said anything of the marriage, and as uncle and niece the husband and wife were received. After a few days at the Clark home Malone went back to Jackson days later he went to see his lister's family again, and remained a few days. His parting with his wife was to all appearances the separating of unde and nicce. Another ten days rolled by, and Malone again sought the house in which the lady who was doubly related

to him lived. On this visit he secured an audience with his sister and her husband, and nformed them that he had married their daughter. The news was an un-pleasant surprise, and for a short time he scene was anything but pleasant. The brother-in-law who found bimsel and the sister who found herself the mother-in-law of her own brother, finally gave in, acknowledged the marriage, and the terribly mixed-up family took up the thread of life again Malone made his visit short, and when he went back to Jackson carried his bride with him. On Saturday last Mrs. Malone went to visit her parents. As she entered the house she was greeted by her mother, who had become her sister-in-law, and by her father, who had married her husband's

Soon after she reached her home she ascertained that the people living near felt outraged at what had occurred, and that threats vere freely made against the man who was both her husband and her uncle. Hearing that the give him trouble, she wrote him and advised him to leave.) He received the letter Thursday last and left Jackson at once, coming to Atlanta after two or three stops. "Now," said the prisoner again, as

he concluded his story, "you say this ainst the law?" "That's what I said. Why didn't you want her parents to know about

"Ch, I just didn't. Why, H. G. Clark, who is my sister's husband and my wife's father, has a brother, Turner lark, who married his own brother's daughter twenty years ago, and nothing A telegram was sent to the sheriff no-

tifying him that Malone had been ar-rested. He will be held until an officer can reach the city.

The Moon and the Weather.

[Chicago News.] Of all surviving pseudo-superstitions that of the influence of the moon on the weather dies the hardest; and the belief that the (so-called) "changes" of the moon are accompanied or followed by changes in the condition of the terrestrial atmosphere is still to be found among a very large number indeed of otherwise educated and enlightened people. A recent writer in the English Mechanic has examined the grounds of this belief, and attriutes it to the weather predictions of the manacs of the early part of the cea-

As to the moon "changing," one would imagine, to hear the majority of people talk, that a "change" of the noon is in some sense cognate with a or juring trick, in which the performer, after showing that he has in his hand, instantaneously produces an egg, an orange, or a ball from it Now nothing could be further from the truth than this, the fact being that the moon is always changing—.01" before conjunction she is waning, .01" after it she is waxing, and so throughout her monthly path. When her (celestial) longitude is identical with that of the sun she is said in the almanse to be "new"; when such longitude differs 90° from the sun's towards the east she is in her "first quarter"; when they are separated by 180° the moon is "fall," and when she has travelled to that point in her orbit in which she is 90° to the west of the sun she is said to be in her "last quarter"; in each case it being assumed that she is viewed from the earth's centre. The use of the word

earth's centre. The use of the word
"change," then, in connection with her
position in these four points of her
orbit, is a solecism, pure and simple.
"But," people are heard to say, "as
the moon influences the tides, why
should it not affect the atmosphere,
too?" To which the immediate obvious
reply is that the tides are a semi-diurnal
phenomenon, so that on this principle phenomenon, so that on this principle the weather ought to change twice a day also—a conclusion too absurd to be entertained. Nevertheless the moon day also—a concinsion too absurd to be entertained. Nevertheless i the moon does influence the atmosphere by causing the production in it of tides so minute as, under ordinary circumstances, to be masked by other fluetuations. The existence of these atmospheric tides was first definitely established by the observations of the late Professer Daniell, but if these minute tides influenced the weather in the slightest degree it must change twice a day—a supposition too ridiculous to merit notice.

The "moon on her back" as a weather sign would appear to be a good deal like the old woman's indigo test—if the dye was pure "t'would either eink or swim, she disremembered which." Mr. Forepaugh says it's a "dry moon," but in many parts of the country, and uniformly in England, the belief prevails that when the young moon is "lying on her back"—in other words, when the line joining her cusps is nearly or quite parallel to the hori-

zon, she is "holding water," and rain will certainly follow. How either belief arose it would be idle to speculate, but the explanation of the phenomenon itself is sufficiently simple. In the outset the moon is never much more than 5° cither to the north or south of the ecliptic, or apparent annual path of the sun through the heavens. Now the line adjoining her casps (the sharp points of her crescent) is always square to a great circle passing through the san and moon. Iwo minutes study of a celestial globe will show how variable is the inclination of the ecliptic to the horizon, and consequently that of the line joining the cusps of the moon also.

Finally, the most elaborate comparisons of meteorological records made in France and England (where the Greenwich observations for forty years were carefully collated with the moon's phases during that period), have sufficed to show that no connection whatever exists between them. The solitary observable effect of the moon upon the atmosphere was believed by Sir

tary observable effect of the moon upon the atmosphere was believed by Sir John Herschel to be exhibited in the tendency to disappearance of cloud un-der the full moon, and this he at-tributed to the heat radiated from her surface.

(Detroit Free Press.)
These lovers' quarrels are sad, sad affairs, resulting, as they so often do, in the separation of young hearts and making withered leaves of all the fond hopes and golden dreams and high aspirations of young lives. A distress-ing case was made public recently in Newark, the harrowing details being given in the words of the estranged ones, who sat in the Newark Opera-House eating caramels and saying cruel things to each other during the play. She began it.

"You did, too," she said with a great sob. It wouldn't have been any kind of a lovers' quarrel without numerous "great sobs" brought into it.

"Now, Bessie," moaned the agonized ninety pounds of lover and high collar. "You needn't deny it," said Bessie, coldly.

"Eessie, I never in all ___ "
"You did. Mame Blank told me that she saw you."
"Saw me what?

"Sew you firting with that horribly borrid Hattie Marsh."
"Hattie Marsh? Bah. Now, Bessie, you know perfectly well that I don't care a snap of my finger for Hat-

tie Marsh. "No; looks as if you didn't-flirting with her every time she crosses your path. "Now, Bessie, you know just as well

"Oh, yes; I know all about it, Mr. Lonnie Marshall."

"Now, Bessie, don't talk that way." "I will, too.

"I don't care, Lon; it isn't right, and I'm not going to play second fiddle

to any body."
"Nobody wants you to, dearie."
"No! It looks as if they didn't, I

must my."
"Well, now, Bessie, what if I got mad and said cruel things because you flirted a little with Bennie Dean, "Fen Dean! I wouldn't wipe my feet

on Pen Dean."
"You used to like him." "I on Marshall, I'll never speak you again as long as I live and breathe if you ever mention that horrid affair

I hate Ben Dean.' again. Thate Ben Dean.
"I know it, darling, and I detest Hattie March. "Yes you do." "Indeed I do."

"Yes, over your left shoulder." "Now, Pessie." "If you want your ring back again,

Lon Marshall, all you've got to do is to say so. "O. Bessie!" "I mean just exactly what I say, sir; every word of it.'

"Ecssie, Bessie!" Lon Marshall! And if you think I'm one of the 'Rough on Rats' kind of girls you're badly left-"
"Now, Bessie, you know I never-

· If you were a gentleman, sir-"Bessie, this is too much."

"If you don't like it you can lump it, sir! I'll let you know that you can't twist me around your finger. Do you want your ring?" You know I don't, Bessie." "Well, you could have it mighty quick if you did."

At last the worm turns, and says ac-ridly: "Very well, Miss Whitford, just as you please about it." as you please ... Why, Lon." "I have done all that a gentleman could do to-

"Now, Lon, I was only joking." "It is no joking matter, where one's affections are concerned. I've tried to be a gentleman of my word with you,

"Ch, Lon, bush !" "No, Bessie, we had better under-stand each other right here. If we quarrel so now, what would it be

"Oh, Lonnie, I was only-" "You were wounding me cruelly, Bessie, and I-"Oh, Lonnie!" "If you really desire everything to

come to an end between us I hope I am too much of a gentleman to-The curtain dropped at this juncture while those who saw this frightful scene were waiting with bated breath for the final word that would separate Lonnie and Bessie forever.

(Faris dispatch to London Daily Telegraph, Some sewer-men met with a strange adventure while at work one night in one of the labyrinths of subternance Paris. As they were busily engaged in cleaning out that part of the metro politan cloaca which is under the Bou levard de la Villette they suddenly heard a loud and prolonged sound of hissing, which some of them took to be the cries of a person in distress, who had, perhaps, fallen into the drain at one of the open points. Eedonnet, the foremen of the gang, thought, however, that the strange noise was caused by evil-doers, who were probably hiding in the sewers from the police; so he took up his shovel and marched boldly toward the spot whence the sounds proceeded. After having proceeded a considerable distance he saw by the dim light of the sewerlimps an enormous boa constrictor coiled around one of the water duets with its head protruding toward him.
Redonnet immediately stunned the reptile with a vigorous blow from his shovel, and, his workmen having come up, the whole party set to work until they battered the life out of the ill-fated and imprudent boa. The remains of the reptile were then carefully collected and borne in triumph to the sur-face of the earth and then to the nearest police station, where, it appears, the boa "was wanted," as it had managed to escape from the menagerie of a wandering showman, who had been ex-hibiting his "fearful wild fowl" to the inhabitants of the municipal boroughs of La Villette and La Chapelle. A Bog that Loved to Fight.

A Bog that Loved to Fight.

(Special correspondence of Globe-Democrat.)

Recently a faithful dog, the property of Hon. T. E. Merritt, of Salem, Ili, died. Pilot, as he was known, lived to be fifteen years and five months old. His pugnacity was demonstrated upon occasions too numerous to mention, and he invariably conquered all of the canine tribe that had the andacity to attack him. The fighting qualities of this venerable dog were remarkable, continuing even to the last week of his life, when old age had decrived him of his sight, hearing, teeth, and even tenne of smalling.

THE RAT-CATCHER.

OLD TOM COOPER, OF BROOKLYN, TELLS HIS STORY.

A Business Like Others, Must be Looked After-What Work the Ferrete Do, Ltc.

"There gees a character," said a Brocklyn politicism to a New York Journal reporter one day last week. He pointed at a thin man of medium height who was walking slowly along the shady side of Fulton street with his bands in his pockets and smoking a trier-wood pipe. briar-wood pipe.
"Who is he?" was the question.

"Tom Cooper, the rateatcher. Why, he's worth a great deal of money and a big gun in South Brooklyn. You should make his acquaintance." The reporter concluded to have a talk

The reporter concluded to have a talk with Tom, and the following day called on him at his place in Ninth street. He was found in a shed doctoring a colored ferret which had met with an injury to its feet. The little animal was lying on its back on his lap, and seemed as

tame as a baby kitten.
The gray-haired rat catcher pushed over a starch-box and invited the reporter to sit down. While he went on with his work on "Snapper's" foot he talked of himself and the business.

"Yes, I'm a Britisher," he said with a smile, "but I've lived in this 'ere town twenty six years, and I guess that makes me considerable of an American, too. I've been in this business ever since I was eighteen years old, and I'm high on to fifty-five now."

"I suppose, like every other branch of industry, this of yours has been pretty well written up," said the re-"Well," replied Tom, "there has

been some yarns in the newspapers about rat-catching, but most of it has been bosh. You can't make a romance out of this business, because there's none in it. It is just like other busi-"But it pays?"

"Yes, there's money in it if a man does the business well, because there ain't no opposition. Rat-catching ain't picked up in a day. It takes years of patient work for a man to get his hand in. A green rat-catcher will go to work and make a botch of the thing. I've known of them getting bit all to pieces on the first job. They wouldn't want any more of it." 'Is your work all on land?"

"No, sonny, I have plenty of work beard ship. There's where the rats aboard ship. There's where the rats are big and ferocious. They're hard to When I put the ferrets to work in a big ship there's lively times, I tell

Tom said that it's a regular thing for swarm of ship rats to climb up the hawsers and rigging and get on the docks. There they will form a brigade and make their peculiar noises until the land and dock rats have been attracted. Then there is a battle in which the land-lubbers always get "I divide the rate into three kinds,"

continued the old catcher. "There's continued the old catcher. There's the city rat, the country rat, and the ship rat. The city rat is the larger of the three and of a light brown color, with whitish, belly. The Italian ship rat is as big as a Maltese cat. The ship rat has got teeth as yellow as saffron, and if they get through your kin you won't like it muchly. I get skin you won't like it muchly. I get goo for clearing the rats out of a ship, and it's pretty hard work sometimes." "Tell us how you clear a building." "When I goes to a place I finds out

the room with the most rat-holes in it. Then I plug them all up but one. The ferrets go down, and then I fix a quarter-inch mesh over the hole and sit down and watch. The rats soon come up and I grab them with tongs or my fingers and put 'en into a bag. After two or three hours the ferrets will have killed or sent up every rat in the place. If the ferrets don't come up then, I whistle for 'em. It's pretty hard to get

the ferrets up if there's a live rat left."
The reporter was shown the ferrets, which were lying about the sheds un-der cages and hoxes. They responded promptly to their owner's whistle. Ten ollars apiece he paid for a dozen of

"They kill both ways," said he "One'll bite the neck and draw out all the blood. That's the best. My best ferret will kill a half dozen rats in ten minutes. He's so tame that he'll follow me about and crawl all over me. He's getting too big for the work, and can't work some rat-holes. They live on bread and milk and fresh meat, but they don't get any for twenty-four

hours previous to a hunt.' The rat catcher has a yearly contract with most of the hotels and the storehouse owners. Under these contract be clears out the places once a week. Sometimes, he said, he caught one thousand rats in one of the big build-When rat-baiting was a sport permitted, he frequently received \$50 fer one hundred or so of the rodents. This business he pronounced as "bust

Smart Antmais.

[New York Tribune.] A Scranton gentlemen has a cat that is very fond of some kinds of music, and very much exasperated whenever and very much exasperated whenever her master plays on his violin. She will lie on the sofa and purr approving-ly whenever one of the young ladies performs a waltz or other lively piece on the piano, and she will listen atten-tively to the children's songs, but as soon as her owner begins to tune up hi violin she becomes very uneasy. moment he starts to play a tune the cat darts at him as if she had suddenly been seized with a fit, scratches viciously the lower part of his trousers-leg, and squalls as though she was in great pain. If he continues to play after this demonstration of her disapproval of that kind of music the cat jumps up and tries to scratch the noisy instrument out of his hands, and when she finds that she cannot do that she runs around the room and mews piteously. Assoon as the gentleman lays the violin down on the piano and speaks kindly to the cat she seems pacified at once, trots over to where he is standing, rubs her head and back lovingly against his ankles, and purrs contentedly, lock-ing up to him and acting as if she wanted to tell him that she would always be a good cat if he would never make any more of those hateful sounds. But so sure as he un-dertakes to resume playing the eat begins her tantrums and refuses to be quiet until he has put down the violin again. She is fond of organ music, but she cannot be taught to like the noise made by the violin strings. She will tolerate the guitar, but the violin never The gentleman, who is an excellent amateur violinist, prizes pussy very highly, and whenever he wishes to en-tertain his friends with a little music from his favorite instrument he has a servant take the cat to her little house in the back yard and fasten her in. As soon as the guests have departed pass is allowed to come into the house, when she scampers from one member of the family to the other, and pur-fully expresses her gratitude at being permitted to be where they are once

ing day, when she creeps a sce if her owner is anywher If he is not she cautiously the sitting-room in search of high the is there, she can tell at a glance whether he is sober or not, and, if he is sober, she walks slowly to her place in the corner and lies down without appearing to notice his presence. In case he is still "a little off" he says she will dart from the house and stay out of sight for another day. He says he nover abuses her or speaks cross to her, and her peculiar conduct interests him so much that he takes pleasure in talling about it to his friends.

A wealthy gentleman in the upper part of Scranton has a watch-dog that \$500 could not buy. He is a thorough-bred English mastiff, and the gentle-man tells this story about his watchful conduct: At about 11 o'clock one night, when the full moon was shining bright-le, the gentleman happened to look out ly, the gentleman happened to look out of the back window just after he had turned off the gas preparatory to going to bed and saw a man leap over the fence into the yard. He told his wife about it, remarking at the same time that he guessed Samson would take care of the intruder before he did any damage. He had no sooner said this than Samson sprang out of his kennel at the man, and the man rushed into an out-house and slammed the door behind him. The owner of the premises, knowing that there was nothing in the out-house that the nocnothing in the out-house that the not-turnal visitor would care to carry away if he had a chance, and believing that the mastiff would properly attend to the intruder when he got ready to come out, went to bed instead of going out to see what the man wanted around there. In the morning the faithful dog was still watching the out-house door, and the gentleman raised was still watching the out-house door, and the gentleman raised the window and speke to the dog. As Samson turned to see what his master wanted of him, a dirty tramp sprang out of the out-house and made for the fence a few feet away. The dog heard his step, and turned that way as quick as a flash. The tramp had just grasped the top of the fence when the dog got there, and he made a desperate effort to get away. He got over the fence before the mastiff had a chance to bite him, but he left a good portion of one of his garments on the other side with the dog and then he ran like a frightened deer, the gentleman commanding the dog not to follow him. The fellow was a sneak burglar, and two nights later he was caught and two nights later he was caught while attempting to steal clothing from

a hallway on the same street. Two tame gray equirrels are the facerito pets of an animal-lover on Franklin avenue. The squirrels run about the house like two kittens, and are obedient to their master every time he tells them to go to their cage. He often takes them about town with him, to their apparent pleasure and satisfac-tion. Whenever he tells them they can go along they skip up his legs and crawl into the pockets of his sack-cost, where they nestle down until he enters a store or saloon. Then he orders them to come out, and they harry from his pockets and caper about the room until he gets ready to leave. Their antics and their perfect obedience interest and amuse everybody who sees them. Each squirrel has his own particular pocket to get into, and they have been so well trained that neither ever tries to get into the pocket that belongs to the other. When the gentleman wears a heavy overcoat he sometimes permits both of them to cuddle down together, when they appear to be very happy indeed.



Dishes, Glassware, Windows believed Green, with Rough on birt, do as nice washing and ironing as can be done in any laundry. Bolling not necessary; unlike any other it can be used in both WASHING and STARCHING you need have no fear in using this article; being free from vile alkali it does not rot, yellow nor induce the funct tabeic; clears, blenches, whitean. The only article that can be added to starch due of cold to give a good body and beautiful gloss; insist on your Druggist or Grocer getting it for you. 10 & 15c. E. S. Wells, Jersey City. HOUGHONCORNS for hard or soft Corn

Another Richmond Cure

MAN'S ARM HEALED AFTER EIGHTEEN MONTHS' RUNNING FROM A SCALD. Mr. T. P. Jones, the well-known engineer and

is known to our citizens as a man eminently worthy of belief. He gives his testimony as to his cure by S. S. S. Any citizen can interview him as to his remarkable case and get the details of the wenderful effect of S. S. S.

RICHMOND, VA., April 23, 1887.

Shrift Specific Company, Atlanta, Ga.:
Gentlemen, I was an engineer on the Vicksburg, Shreveport and Facific railroad four years ago, when my engine was turned over in an accident. The steam burned my right arm all around the cibow terribly. I had several dectors trying to heal the arm, but in eighteen menths' trial they were unable to heal it. I was unable to work much, or, indeed, hardly any. One day a friend suggested to me to try swift's Specific; and I did. A dozen bottler entirely healed the arm, since which time

entirely healed the arm, since which time I have been entirely well.

When I began taking S. S. S. I was thoroughly saturated with malaria, which I had contracted in the low southern country, and with calomel, with which the doctors had dosed ma. The S. S. S. drove out the malaria entirely and cleansed my blood of all calemel.

I would not be without a bottle of S. S. S. is in my house, as a general and perfect blood purifier, for \$50.

Engineer for James N. Boyd & Co., au 23-1w corner Sixth and Cary streets.



I, Benjamin H, Berry, clerk of Chancery Cours of Richmend scriffy that the bond re-quired of the special commissioners by the de-erce in said cause of July 21, 1887, has been dely given. Givor under my hand this 5th day of Au-

By Cheuning & Rose, Real Estate Agents, Auctioneers, and Broke No. 3 north Touth street.

NORTH TWENTY-EIGHTH-owner, see will sell by auctica, upon the premises, on

premises, on

TUESDAY, AUGUST 29, 1837.

at 6 o'cleck P. M., a LOT OF LAND, with a FRAME HOUSE thereon, on the east line of Twenty-eighth between M and N streets. The lot fronts Sixily feet to an alloy 16 feet wide. The owner is anxious to convert this property into cash. A recent examination of the title shows it to be perfect. You can therefore attend this sale with the assurance that it is not a market feeler. Buy before property in this section gets beyond your reach.

CHEWNING & ROSE,

By Chewning & Rose, Real Estate Auctioneers and Brokers, No. 5 north Tenth street. YAVY-HILL PROPERTY .- BY request of Ceneral Edgar Alian, attorney for owner, we will sell by suction, upon the

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 31, 1887, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 31, 1837, at 6 o'clock P. M., that most DESIRABLE LOT OF LAND situated on the northwest corace of Eighth and Precton streets, with a good FRAME DWELLING fronting on Preston street and numbered 132. The lot has a tront of 31 by 12 feet to an alicy. This sale should be attended by all seeking an entrance to Jackson Ward's choicest society.

TERMS: One third in cash; the residue at rix and twelve months, secured by a deed of trues.

CHEWNING & ROSE, au 25 Auctioneers.

By Chewning & Rose, Real Estate Auctioneers and Brokers,

No. 5 ports Tenth street. WEST MARSHALL STREET NEW PROPERTY.—By request of the owner, a non-resident, we will sell by auction, upon the premises, on TRUKSDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1887,

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1867, at 6 o'clock P. M., that very DESIRABLE FRAME DWELLING No. 1993 west Marchall street. The lot leas a front of 25x163/2 feet to an alley. Property answering to the nove description is greatly sought after. The locality in question is deally unproving. This offering commends itself both as a nome or lawsyment. The property has never used without a tenant, and a good one at that.

Thems: At sale.

CHEWNING & ROSE,

CHEWNING & ROSE, By James B. Elam, Real Estate Agent and Auctioneer, 1113 Main street.

TRUSTEE'S AUCTION SALE OF THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1887.

Theres: Coah as to expenses of sais, any definquent taxes, the sum of \$1,000, with interest thereon from September 20, 1838, and the sum of \$1,120, with interest thereon from September 20, 1837, and the residue upon such increases the sum of \$1,120, with interest thereon from September 30, 1837, and the residue upon such increases to give negotistic notes for the operation of the sum of sais. The purchaser to give negotistic notes for the deferred payments, with interest added and secured by deed of trus.

JAMES B. ELAM, Auctioneer, au 20

B. N. W. Borge.

By N. W. Bowe,

Real Estate Auctioneer. Richmond, Va. THE CELEBRATED GREENBRIER WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS,

WILL BE SOLD, ON THE PREMISES, BY PUBLIC AUCTION.

> THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1887, at 12 o'clock M.

By virtue of an order of the Circuit Court of the United States for the district of West Vir-hina, entered July 20, 18%; in certain caused therein pending, the undersigned commission-ers will sell, on the promises, at the time named above, ALL OF THE PROPERTY, both GREENBRIER WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS

In the following order—to wit:

First. The GREENBRIER WHITE SULPIUR SPRINGS PROPERTY proper—that is
be say, a nect of about 1,000 ACRES OF LAND,
upon which are boared the ROTEL, SPRINGS,
COTTAGES, and all the other improvements
of said company, situated on the Chesapoate
and Orbe railway, in Greenbrier county, W. Va.
The lot of two acres meanioned below will be
excepted from this tract.
Second, A TRACT OF ABOUT 2,500 ACRES
OF LAND situated on the said railroad, in
Alleghany county, Ver.
Third. ALL THE PERSONAL PROPERTY on
the first-named land, consisting of Farlor,
Chamber, Office, Diming-room, and Kitchen
Furniture, of excellent quality; and of Carringes, Omnibuses, Eurgles, and Burness—in
fact, everything usually found in or about
awell equipped hote.
Fourth AFOUT TWO ACRES OF LAND, situated on the railroad and just to the left of the
main entrance. A fine location for a notel,
the tract best the perpetual right to the free
use, for drinking perpesses only, of the waters
of the White Sulphur Springs on the first
mentioned tract, which first-mentioned tract
will be sold subject to this priviloge, and also
exclusive of the Calwell cametery, and of the
hethodist and Episcopal churches thereon.
This "Springs region, and is well called
the "Springs region, and is well called
the "Springs region, and is well called
the "Springs region, and is the region of the
most medern appliances, such as gas, electric light, &c., and controlling a sulphur ware
of exiablished reportation, and which berry
transportation well, we confidently invite the
sterning of the forement and capitalists to this